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ESTABLISHED 1855

WHEN SUBMARINE MEETS SUBMARINE IN DEEP SEA DUEL

Fleets of Yankee Submersibles Building and Soon to Put to Sea Will Likely Grapple With U-Boats in Struggle for Supremacy of the Sea—Imagine the Battles that Will Follow.

By Charles W. Duke.

Provided the war continues another year, it is quite possible that we shall hear of great battles fought in the depths of ocean between the Kaiser's U-boats and the submarines of the United States navy.

Guiding their way unerringly through the fathoms by the light of powerful rays through the greenish mountains of sea—just as the steam locomotive follows the silver steel rails of its headlight along the steel rails that summit the road bed—so will the submarine of the near future fare forth to explore the depths.

James W. Duke's dream then will have come true in realistic fashion. All this is within the range of possibility and very likely to be developed during the next year, according to naval experts.

Instead of groping in the darkness that closes down upon the submarine of today as it lowers away into the depths until the "eyes" of its periscopes have dipped through the salt spray into oblivion, the submersible feeling its way along with the aid of the gyro-compass we shall find it soon illuminating the depths and operating more accurately, more potently, in the glow of its own light.

U-boats Developed Rapidly.

Science tells us that this has been one of the fastest developments to be expected in the evolution of the submarine. Three and a half years ago, at the beginning of the world war, the submarine was an experimental toy that had yet to be proved. The U-boat of 1914 was a mere pigmy compared to the giant submarine cruiser of today. Take, for instance, the United States submarine of the E-class that was lost recently with its crew, compare it with the latest German submarine cruiser. It is almost like placing the aquiline eagle down at the Battery, New York, alongside the tallest Broadway skyscraper.

So rapid has been the development of the submarine that it has grown in these last three years into the pitilessly powerful instrument not so long ago depicted only in fiction. The vessel on which Captain Nemo explored all the wonders of the undersea world through hundreds of pages of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," is now the dream almost completely realized.

Even now American submarine engineers are perfecting the submersible which is to worm its way over the bottom of the sea under its own power and guided by its own light. German engineers have announced their intention after the war to utilize the U-boat in reclaiming hundreds of valuable ships and cargoes sent to the bottom by the conscienceless torpedo.

What more to expect, then, when the submarine has been raised to the fifth power of perfection? When submarines will fight battles deep down in the vision of man—steel whale against steel whale in a fight where it will be a case always of the survival of the fittest.

Imagine one submarine, its engines stifled, its steel body resting inert in the fathoms, on guard. Its microphone, or detectorphone, are set to catch the faintest sound of an approaching enemy. Through the mass of water comes eventually the steady whirr of propeller blades that denotes the approach of another submarine. Silently the submarine guard awaits its prey.

By the use of the microphone and other delicate natural instruments the submarine guard is able to judge accurately the position of the approaching U-boat. At the psycho-logical moment the submarine flashes on its strongest reflectors, the U-boat is caught full in the glare of the searchlight, and presto! the U-boat receives its death wound!

A Hand-to-Hand Undersea Battle—picture two submarines in a great, grapple, hand-to-hand contest, a submarine duel, if you please—something like the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack. The two craft try to ram each other, the cunning tour of each a vulnerable target, the thin skin of each bulging the softest tissue before the impact of a steel nose flashing along at 20 knots an hour or better.

These are not unreasonable things to expect when one considers the marvelous development of the submarine from a mere chessbox to a huge cruiser capable of carrying scores of men and tons of freight. The longer the war lasts the more marvelous will be the application of science to perfection of those agencies of battle now already so potent.

Since the war began and the submarine proved a feasible method of navigation there has been much talk of outfitting blockades and carrying much-needed food and munition supplies to beleaguered nations. But with the advent of the electric headlight for the submarine such a plan seems not so easy. A submarine with no illuminated could cut down the undersea world and mete out the same ruthless brand of spurious vermin as is accorded the surface traveler.

At any rate, we are likely soon to see the submarine pitted against the submarine. Although Germany's merchant marine has been swept from the sea and her fleets are bottled up in the Kiel canal, the United States is building submarines, speaking in St. Louis, Chairman Padgett, of the house naval committee, said that within a year the United States would have a submarine fleet every whit as good as that of Germany, or better.

construction," said Chairman Padgett, "is a naval secret, and all that can be said is that the 125 which are being built under the authorization of the programme of August, 1916, are only a part of the whole number."

What are we going to do with them? asks the layman out in Missouri, who cannot quite associate the ravages of the German navy with the inland security of the Ozark Mountains.

There's a reason. Many of the submarines under construction for our government are small submersibles intended for home defense. They will be distributed at the mouths of all large rivers, at the big bays leading to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and at other strategic points. War to the enemy who ventures within range of their deadly tubes.

In addition to these 500 and 500 ton submersibles the government is building many huge submarines of the cruiser type, large and larger than the Schley, at present the largest submarine in service with our fleet.

These big fellows of ours will be sea-going vessels, or "fleet submarines" that will proceed from Atlantic ports across the ocean under their own power and become identified with the fleet of Admiral Sims in activities over there.

What are they going to do with the 125 new submarines which are "only a part of the whole number," asked by Chairman Padgett? asks the landlubber, as he scans the sea in vain for sight of a German fleet.

It remains to be seen: but we can venture a surmise that some of our new submarine fleets may take a cruise excursion beyond Heligoland into the "sacred waters" that encircle the great German base. Furthermore, we can venture a surmise that the American submarine and the German U-boat are going to run afoul of each other after a while.

Lately we have heard something of the newest type of German submarines. They are giant vessels carrying sixteen torpedoes and so seaworthy as to weather the winter gales with ease. They are equipped with "wet" torpedoes, which means that the submersible's weapons are no longer at the bottom of the sea but are raised in the position on deck before they could be fired, but are constructed of material unaffected by the salt water, mounted on stationary platforms and ready always for action the moment their nuzzles project above the waves. These new U-boats can remain away from their bases six weeks.

Such is the perfected instrument of warfare against which the United States navy must contend. It is not exactly three and a half years since the war began. It is now just one year since Germany let loose her unrestricted U-boat warfare. Despite the mobilization of all the brains of the allied nations, the U-boat is still an enemy unconquered. It still remains for some supercilious to evolve a way by means of which the ocean-going merchantman or warship can be made immune to the attack of the underwater scorpion.

It is useless to delve into figures in a discussion of the question. Where one expert shows that the U-boat sinkings are decreasing another shows that while a less number of ships are being sunk, the ships that are going down under Hun torpedoes are the very largest food supply ships. Where one expert emphatically declares the U-boats are being sunk by the allied navies, another report comes along to the effect that Germany is building more of them, "bigger and better than ever before."

Still the Big War Factor.

The truth remains, after giving attention to all the statistics, that the submarine, after three and a half years of war and a full year of unrestricted warfare, is still the big factor in the war. It is the thing the allies must win in order to insure the freedom of the seas; for unless Germany is squarely pinned to the mat on land and sea and the U-boat circumvented, the seas will never be free from the ruthless Prussian barbarism.

But the U-boat out of business and Germany is licked. Tales from the interior of the Central powers brought home by persons who have lived there some time and have been in contact with the state of the Teutonic national mind show that the subjects of the militaristic Kaiser are "fed up" with stories of the great feats of the U-boats. Just when starvation and cold are depressing the souls of these enslaved Germans the people are "jollied along" with the yarns about the submarines.

When will the U-boats be beaten? It is a question to be answered only by saying that it will be done when the full strength of our resources are thrown into the fight. What has the U-boat been able to do in the way of preventing the transportation of our army to France? Not much, with the exception of the sinking of the transports Antilles, Howard and cover, and the Tuscania. Thousands of men were moved from the United States to France, with all the supplies necessary to sustain them, and just one transport sunk. Today that army is being maintained more than 3,500 miles from its home base because the United States navy is keeping the sea open and the U-boat under cover.

During these three and a half years of war but nine English troop ships have been sunk and not more than 2,000 lives lost, due to the ravages of the U-boats. Frequently a quarter of a million troops have been on the water on transports at one time. All in all, more than 11,000,000 troops have been transported without mishap of any kind.

This is accounted for by reason of the fact that strong convoys attend the movement of troop ships. Consider the heavy movements from Canada, from Australia, from Africa and other points to the European battlefields. Very effectively it has been shown that where there are sufficient convoys the U-boat sinks the ships that face above the waves. In our own case, the accuracy of the Yankee gunners and the puissance of the depth bombs dropped from our destroyers have left their deadly effect upon the "herr kommanders" of the U-boats and their "unterseeboot" sailors.

Convoys Furnish the Answer.

It would seem, then, that the matter of sufficient convoys might eventually solve the problem of U-boat sinkings. It is very infrequently that a convoyed merchant ship is sunk. A submarine lying in wait occasionally rises silently and unexpectedly to smite the merchantman before the convoy gets into action; but as a rule the guns of the destroyer get into action and the submarine is routed in short order.

Undoubtedly the convoy facilities will be greatly improved during the year 1918. In the Delaware river alone at the present time half a hundred destroyers are building, for the United States navy and France are adding to their fleets all the time. When the United States finally gets thousands of airplanes in action there is no doubt this branch of the service will contribute much to the mitigation of the U-boat peril, since the seaplane has been proved a vital weapon in overcoming the U-boat—the battle between the hawk and the shark.

Yes, it is true that many of the instruments with which we have to overcome the U-boats have yet to be finished and put into operation. But it is a time for patience and concerted national action, more "doing" than "talking" and less grumbling. It is just one year since the German U-boat shot its first insulting broadside our way and only ten months since we jumped into the fray. Much has been done in that time, and much more will be done in 1918.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected from Various Sources.

C. Loomis Allen of Syracuse, N. Y., reputed millionaire and director of the war board of the American Electric Railway association, has mysteriously disappeared. He dropped out of sight on January 3 at Washington, where he was engaged in war work. No explanation has been offered for his absence.

Useless days are expected to replace fruitless days. The fuel administration has issued a statement that the manufacture of artificial ice may have to be curtailed next summer, as there is danger of a serious shortage of ammonia and steps are being taken to have as large as possible a harvest of natural ice to meet any possible shortage of artificial ice.

The sinking of the twin-screw turbine steamer Tuscania wipes out the last of the Anchor line's famous fleet of passenger vessels which formerly operated between New York and Glasgow. All have fallen victims to German torpedoes. The Tuscania's sister ship, the Transylvania, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean last winter while carrying British and French troops. The Anchor line's "Cameronia, Caledonia and the Scotia" previously had been sunk to the bottom either while "trooping" or in the regular passenger service.

The Cunard liner Aurania has been torpedoed by a submarine. It was towed from the wreck by the ship company last Friday. The ship was badly damaged by the explosion but did not sink. She is believed to be making her way back to port with the assistance of government vessels. The liner, it was stated, had just left a foreign port bound for this country. She carried 13,400 tons of cargo. She is a sister ship of the Cunard liner Andania, which was torpedoed and sunk last month.

German Prisoners at Hot Springs.—Four hundred and twenty German prisoners passed through Spartanburg last night in a special train en route to the concentration camp for civilian German prisoners at Hot Springs, N. C., where there are already 1,700 German prisoners. When the prisoners who were here arrived at Hot Springs there will be 2,120 Teutons at the camp.

When the United States declared war against Germany there were 420 Germans aboard German merchant ships in the bay of Manila, Philippine Islands. The vessels were interned and those aboard were taken prisoners and sent to the Pacific coast. After spending some time in San Francisco they were placed on board a ship and carried through the Panama Canal to Charleston. The vessel arrived at Charleston last night on this morning, and after the alloted Hans, Fritz, etc., had been taken off they boarded a special train and the journey to Hot Springs began.

There were a number of guards aboard the train—not military guards—civilian guards, for prisoners are under the department of labor and are therefore not military prisoners. As has already been stated there are now at Hot Springs 1,700 prisoners and it is said quite a little village has been built there. By tomorrow morning the population will have been increased considerably and considerable excitement will be said, in showing every consideration to the German prisoners. —Spartanburg Herald, Friday.

John G. Richards has announced his candidacy for governor. He says he will be in the Democratic primary this summer.

SOLDIERS IN THE MAKING

Work the Boys Are Doing at Camp Sevier.

LEARNING TO STORM ENEMY DEFENSES

James D. Crist Tells of Some of the Strenuous Exercises that he is Being Put Through and How He is Getting Along With the Work—Boys Did Not Think They Could Make It, but Found Out that it Could Be Done.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., February 7th.—"It there were forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours in a day I expect I could perform properly all the duties I am expected to perform," is a remark I heard a number of the medical department make a few days ago. He wasn't kidding; but merely illustrating the fact that there is so much to do in connection with training and getting this army in shape for business that it is well nigh impossible to do it in the time allotted. I heartily indorse his sentiment, though it wasn't addressed to me since major's orders to back private or other non-descript. But there is no doubt of the fact that the several weeks' training last recently on account of the weather, is being made up now. Every body is so busy that there is hardly time to write a letter to the folks back home. I shaved myself this afternoon with razor in one hand (and brush too); while with the other I was writing an official letter and at the same time wondering how long it will be before I learn to properly "squad right."

They say one can never be rated as a real good soldier until he can do at least six different things at one time and do them all well. Up to now it is all I can do to perform one task at a time as it should be done, because this military stuff is all very strange to me. But I am ambitious to take on the other five.

They had some of us out on what is called the "bayonet run" this morning for the first time. "Run" is right, except there were numerous jumps and climbs included in it and when it was over I felt like a house-louse after a cyclone has struck it. This bayonet run is composed of a series of obstacles several hundred feet apart and the object is to train the men to negotiate these obstacles in the quickest possible time.

There are two hurdles, a zig-zag and a so-called "pin" jump. The first hurdle is a wall some ten feet high, each built of pine logs. The first hurdle is approximately twenty-four inches in height; the second strikes me around my neck. The zig-zag is a framework of logs about ten feet in height, the poles being surrounded by single pine logs about four inches in width and the surface of which is hewn "smooth." Other single logs nailed to the main poles at about a forty-five degree angle, support the framework proper. The top of the hurdle is covered by a board of pine, and is about six feet high. The other hurdle is a wall some ten feet high, each built of pine logs. The first hurdle is approximately twenty-four inches in height; the second strikes me around my neck. The zig-zag is a framework of logs about ten feet in height, the poles being surrounded by single pine logs about four inches in width and the surface of which is hewn "smooth." Other single logs nailed to the main poles at about a forty-five degree angle, support the framework proper. The top of the hurdle is covered by a board of pine, and is about six feet high.

There were two squad or sixteen men in the crowd that started over with me this morning and none of us had ever seen or heard of a bayonet run before. In fact we were told where we were going until we were on our way. The sergeant-instructor gave a command something like: "Run, men and get over, and take the hindmost." Somebody started forward and of course the rest followed. The first hurdle was easy enough. The second hurdle some fifty feet further on, and neck high, wasn't to easy and most of us, including myself, decided that the best way over it was under it, and consequently about eight crawled under instead of over. We then started to run toward the zig-zag arrangement. An officer was standing nearby watching us and he had observed those of us who ran under the hurdle. I heard him say something about "You can always calculate that there is a streak of yellow in a fellow who isn't willing to take a chance at getting hurt when he has a hard task to perform."

I stopped right there and turned around, resolved to jump that hurdle if I broke my neck. A little Jew next to me who had also ducked under, turned around and started back also. The others who slid under were ordered back. Then a second order "over the hurdle" was given and we started over again. I shut my eyes and turned myself loose, fully expecting to break an arm at least, and at the next thing I knew I was on the other side with my legs over my arms and my nose in two inches of mud.

The little Jew who was running beside me had also gotten over and landed on my back pushing my head into the afore-said mud. But we were over, and there was no stigma of "yellow" connected with us any more. Then we tackled the zig-zag and started up the supports to the affair. It isn't easy climbing a pine pole four inches thick and a foot high at an angle of forty-five degrees and in order to get on top at the first trial all of us had to "coom" it, as the experienced men termed our action. That is we hugged the pole and climbed up. The poles on the top of the zig-zag were no larger, and it took quite a little care to walk erect on a distance of three feet; then to the left and walk another three feet; then three to the right and then to the left again. But it was done without any casualties. The next test was to jump to the ground and run to the pine log wall some fifty feet beyond. It was the work of only a few moments to turn there; but it required several minutes of laborious effort to get over. The wall has no toe holds except perfectly rounded logs joined. When we arrived at the wall and were ordered over, all of us stood there looking up much as a pack of dogs do at the tree in which there is a place where they were tired. But we started clawing and grasping at nothing.

and after some little while every one of us was on top and had jumped ten feet to the ground on the other side. With that the first test was over. We were informed that we did fairly well for beginners and in the course of a few months we might learn to get over in decent time. We were also informed that we would have to go over twice every day. Every one of us said "damn," and then grinned as we always do. Thus we are learning to be acrobats on the side. All vaudeville troops and circus in need of acrobatic performers at the close of the war are invited to apply to Company E, 119th Infantry, if there is any company left of us after the war. Jas. D. Crist.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

Jews of the World Contemplate its Reconstruction.

There is an ancient triumphal arch adorning the Roman Forum which, with meticulous detail, the conquering hosts of Titus, as they bear off the seven-branched candlesticks and other booty from the Temple at Jerusalem. Nearly 1,900 years have passed since the Romans sacked the Holy City and the conqueror was given his "triumph" along the Appian Way. The Romans of the Caesars and the bravest of Jehovah's chosen people have long ceased to be; but the modern Jew in his wailing place has never forgotten in his prayers the glory that once the stones of the Temple shall once more be set up on the sacred slope of Israel's God.

At last came a day when it seemed as though the age-long prayer had been heard. The Jews within the Holy City and throughout the world, to celebrate the re-dedication of the Temple, a ceremony which harks back to the days when Judah Maccabee drove out the Syrian tyrant and deeded the holy place upon that spot which is now the site of the famous Mosque of Omar. No more would the "daughters of Judah" hang their harps upon the willows, and "refuse to sing the songs of Zion." For high on the Tower of Jerusalem floated the Jewish flag, and through the gates of the Temple, following a long line of British infantry, the Jews knew that they marched in no spirit of triumph or of conquest; knew that Jerusalem had again been restored to its ancient people, and that the Temple of Solomon would have one more successor upon the threshold of Araunah, which David purchased and set aside for that "Holy House" which his son Solomon was to build.

The Temple of Solomon was completed in the year 966 B. C. One hundred and fifty thousand workmen were employed in its construction. It has been estimated that the cost of the building was about \$10,000,000. The Temple was only about five years to build. Still more surprising is it to learn that it was by no means so large as commonly supposed. Upon careful estimates of the actual dimensions of the structure, it is claimed that the Temple proper was not much more than 100 feet long, 35 feet wide and 52 feet high. Today, however, the erection of a building of such prescribed dimensions. A modern temple costing six billion dollars could cover a space of ground much larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome and still have a goodly sinking fund in hand to run it free of debt forever. Without doubt, the new Temple will have to be a spacious building, for the simple reason that orthodox Jewish worship is of the congregational type and no longer tolerates the ancient forms of sacrifice or rites in which the principal performers are an exclusive order of priests.

But Solomon's Temple was designed principally as the abiding place of Jehovah, as represented by the Ark, though, although the incense courts, porches and priests' quarters covered a large area, the Temple consisted only of the porch, approached by a flight of steps and leading to the holy place, or antechamber, which, in its turn, led into the holy of holies, or shrine of the ark. The sacred places were entered through large folding doors of cypress. The walls of both chambers were lined with boards of cedar from floor to ceiling. The holy of holies, or inner chamber, was separated from the holy place by a partition wall, in which was set a door of olive wood. In the center of the holy of holies, facing the entrance, stood two cherubim figures of olive wood with outstretched wings and covered with gold. Among the furnishings of the chambers was the table of showbread and which stood in front of the entrance to the inner shrine. The candlesticks or lampstands were arranged on each side of the entrance. The ark itself, that sacred memorial of early days, had been removed from the tent in which David had housed it and placed within the holy of holies, so as to be under the shadow of the cherubim which the brazen serpent found a place somewhere in the temple, not definitely known. In the court of the temple was the altar of burnt offerings, on the site of the earlier altar of David. Between the altar and the entrance to the temple was one of the most striking of the creations of Solomon's architect, the Brazen Sea, a huge circular basin of bronze, with a capacity of 16,000 gallons, and resting upon the backs of twelve bronze oxen. There were also smaller brazens of bronze resting on wheeled carriages or bases.

The Temple of Solomon stood for three and a half centuries, and was then razed to the ground by the soldiers of Nebuchadnezzar, having first been stripped of everything of value that could be carried away. In the prospective rebuilding of the temple, it is probable that all the old symbols and utensils and the structural features of the inner temple will be faithfully copied. But ancient usages and many of the material forms of worship have passed away beyond return. The real problem for the Jews now is the right disposal of the present Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock. It is a magnificent shrine of Mohammedan worship, and doubtless will have to be transferred to another place.

Christian Science Monitor.

THE TUSCANIA DISASTER

Corrected Description of Sinking of Transport.

AMERICANS ACTED AS AMERICANS

Big Liner Went Down in Short Time After Being Struck; but there Was Little Confusion on Board and The Loss of Life Was Comparatively Small.

Larne, Ireland, Feb. 7 (via London).—In the face of death—not the kind of death that comes in a fair and manly fashion on the battlefield, but that that spat at you from depth and darkness by the viper of the sea when you're not looking because you can't—two thousand one hundred and fifty-six American soldier boys stood at attention on the deck of the sinking transport Tuscania. In their eyes sparkled the fire of defiance and courage—on their lips was a grim smile and from the throats of many a thundered a mighty chorus:

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

When, many of them still singing, others joking and some cursing, they began to scamper for their lives. Not a wince or a whine anywhere—it was the most orderly, most good-humored retreat from the sea serpent recorded in the history of U-boat warfare. It was a tall hustle. More than nine-tenths of them saw it through. They told it, most of them, as if it were the most amusing event of their lives. True, when they first got here, there was much anxiety and sadness in their hearts, for they didn't know how many of their comrades had "pulled through." But soon word came from Buncrana, 100 miles from here and later from Fort Ellen, Islay, Scotland, of the landing of many hundreds, and it became plain that but a small fraction of the total had gone down.

In Scrappy Humor.

"Say," burst out a husky young Michigan man, beginning with the tail end of the story. "What's that the pacifists always say? 'What are we fighting for?' Listen! When I get into that front trench in France I'll answer that question. And I bet everyone of these fellows, every one of us that went through this thing, will answer it the same way."

He was still shivering from hours of exposure, though now wrapped in a huge blanket donated by a kindly Irish woman. But his cheeks glowed with red-hot battle fever as he spoke. His words epitomized the innermost feelings of all Tuscania survivors.

To these men the U-boat attack has been a baptism of fire. They're all through with the preliminaries, and what they're acting is action of the kind here they can hit back.

"Here's a funny thing," said a sturdy ex-guardian from Detroit (names are withheld at the Sammie's own request). "I'd been nervous all through the trip. My whole system seemed strung up. It was fear, by G-d, no—yes, it was fear, at that; the fear that before we'd have a chance to do something to Fritz on the front, I'm always trying to be honest with myself, but I was sure all along it was this fear, not the other, physical sort. And the proof came to me when the ship was struck. In that moment, though I was sent reeling back against something iron behind me, I felt the intensest relief I ever felt in my life. The uncertainty was over, the hit had come, and from that moment on my only thought was to be able to hit back. Of course, there was no chance for that, but that's why I'm glad, because I'm still alive to return the compliment."

Emphatic nods and shouts, "that's the way I feel," from the little crowd of survivors around the speaker and interviewer showed he had spoken the hearts of his comrades.

Detailed Story.

Picked together from various eyewitness accounts, this is the story of what happened Tuesday night: The 14,000-ton liner Tuscania, last survivor of the Anchor line's luxurious ships, was on the last lap of her journey.

The troops aboard knew that the northeast coast of Ireland was at hand and the natural nervous strain that had marked their mood during the greater part of the voyage was given way to joyous expectancy.

The weather was clear and the sea comparatively calm. A number of other vessels, American and British, were fast yielding to complete darkness. The Tuscania's lights, for reasons best known to her commanders, were out. Uncle Sam's emissaries to Armageddon were passing the time in manifold ways, reading, singing, playing checkers, writing letters, or peering over the railing into the sea.

Suddenly a squall went up from one of the companion ships. It was addressed to the Tuscania and its substance was: "Torpedo on way; lay off!"

From the bridge the wind carried fragments of a sharp command. Engine signals were heard. The big liner let out a muffled groan, as if balking under her master's iron hand which was jerking her out of her course. Then, just as the ship was turning, came the crash. The next minute she bowed surrender with a heavy starboard list. She kept it up to the end, and that killed and wounded more men than any other single factor in the disaster.

"Lights on!" came the signal from the bridge, and in a second the vessel was illuminated by a myriad of glaring globes. With that irrepressible curiosity that takes hold of a man in the moments of greatest danger, hundreds of Americans rushed to peer in all directions, trying to catch a glimpse of the undersea ferret. No one saw even as much as a periscope.

2,156 Men Singing.

Everything now happened with flash-like speed. But brief as it was, that spectacle of the 2,156 American officers and men lining up on deck, standing at attention for a moment, and then singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," will ever live.

They kept on singing all through

the battle for life that followed. "The Star-Spangled Banner," came next and then with the growing tension sank grimness and fury, airs of a lighter strain went up. "There'll be a Hot Time," and "They've Got to Cut That Out," were favorites.

Also there was considerable "plain United States."

The torpedo had struck the Tuscania amidships. The explosion was terrific, but it did not rent the big liner asunder, sinking it in a few minutes as it might have. Accounts vary as to how long it remained afloat, but it was long enough to prevent a terrible toll.

The growing starboard list made the lowering of lifeboats on that side difficult and dangerous, and on the other side impossible.

Rockets and red flares went up from the Tuscania without pause. They served more for illuminating purposes than for bringing aid, for that had come with lightning speed around the sinking liner. British torpedo boats were working feverishly and successfully to speed the rescue work. When they heard the Americans singing the British themselves began to sing; the Tuscania's crew already had spontaneously burst into "God Save the King."

Deeper and deeper the Tuscania bowed starboardwards. That's what the troops were cursing most, for this list was responsible for many deaths and painful wounds. Boats overturned while still suspended in the air, others were capsized when hurled by the sea against the liner's side. Others were hopelessly tied up by ropes. Soon there were swimmers around the liner scores of men struggling for their lives. Some had jumped overboard without life belts, but most of them had been hurled out of overturned boats. Meanwhile other boats were still being lowered. In some cases these death-dealing once hit the water, life-sewers taking lives. Some died from exposure. The majority, however, of those that got safely away from the liner in boats stood the trial well.

"I made a human boat of myself," said an Ohio infantryman. "The boat I got into turned over, and as I was swimming for my life, I came across a couple of oars. They're big, heavy birds, you know, so I paddled along very nicely until I struck a large raft with a couple of fellows already on it. And whom do you suppose I met on that raft? My pal, Charlie. We came from the same town, were drafted together, and had been in the same boat when it was capsized."

PALMETTO CLEANINGS.

Happenings and Events of Interest in South Carolina.

Mr. Frank W. Shealy, South Carolina railroad commissioner, was married in the office of the commission Friday afternoon to Mrs. Gladys Johns Hunter, daughter of W. L. Johns of Haldock, the Rev. W. H. Riser of Lexington, officiating.

Captain Roscoe Holbrook, Co. C, 105th Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, placed on trial before a courtmartial Thursday on the charge of being drunk and disorderly in camp and absenting himself from an officers' school, entered a formal plea of not guilty but later made the plea of temporary mental derangement of mind. The courtmartial reported the status of the case, and the fact that the issue of temporary insanity had been made, to General O'Ryan, who immediately named a board to take Captain Holbrook under personal observation. This board will not report for some time yet, and pending their report all further proceedings in the case will be suspended.

May Crowder, the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Emily Crowder, was burned to death; Vance Parker, a young man, and Mandy Sanders, domestic in the Crowder home, are in the hospital as a result of fire Friday morning at Spartanburg, which completely destroyed the Crowder home. A gasoline tank in a volcano-like eruption on the first floor of the building exploded and within a few minutes the three-story building was in flames. The cook inhaled some of the flames before she jumped from the second-story window, and Mr. Parker was seriously burned over the lower limbs in an effort to rescue the child. The latter died in the ambulance en route to the hospital.

THE "TUMPLINE"

Canadian Soldiers Take a Hint From The Red Indians.

Reuter's Agency learns that the Canadians have introduced into the army a new method of carrying loads, known as the tump-line. It is based on simple principles used for generations by North American Indians. By its use one man is able to carry a greater distance over slippery, devastated ground, and with less fatigue than a soldier can carry his own ordinary load, while it enables troops to shift back on march and greatly increase their marching capacity.

The tump-line, made of leather, has three component parts—the browband, 21 inches long by about 3 inches wide in the center, and tapering to about one inch at each end, and two straps, each 7 or more feet long sewed to the ends. The browband is passed over the head just above the brow and the load rests high up on the back. The tump-line is carried by a strap forward, and can steady the load by holding the straps about the level of the ears. The training of the man is very simple, no previous experience being required. Tump-line companies have been formed in connection with each Canadian brigade.

In his weekly review of the progress of the war, Secretary Baker says that from all available information, the Allies have superiority in both men and guns. He warns the people not to give too much evidence to stories of strikes and uprisings in Germany, or to rumors of peace, and the like. He has no idea that the Germans are considering peace, and he does not want the people of the United States to relax their efforts on the theory that the war will soon be at an end.

Governor E. L. Phillips of Wisconsin, on Wednesday night issued a statement to the people of that state and Michigan, to whom came the first great sacrifice of the war in the loss of the Tuscania. He calls upon them to accept the loss with the same courage that the men gave their lives. He